1143

H. R. FREEBORN, Gentlemen's Hosier, Glover, and Complete Outfitter
TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.—COMMERCIAL BUILDINGS, CROSS STREET, and 2, VICTORIA STREET (late of the Arcade).

Vol. II.—No. 57. MANCHESTER, Saturday, September 11th. Price One Penny.

Fresh Arrivals of Tea at
J. F. MART'S
ESTABLISHMENTS,
Opposite Town Hall, Salford;
110, Borough Buildings, London Road,
AND
62, Oldham Road, Manchester.

Congou . . 2s. 2s. 4d. 2s. 6d.
Fine Pekoe-flavour, 2s. 8d.
Finest Imported, Rich Pekoe-flavor, 3/- & 3/4.
Choicest Gatherings—Rich full-flavoured Lapsong Souchong, 4s.

VELOCIPEDE MICHAUX

MESSRS. MICHAUX & CO. beg to inform the Nobility and Gentry, that for the future
MR. S. DAWSON,
Parsonage Chambers, 56, DEANSGATE,
MANCHESTER,
Will be their Sole Agent for England for the Sale of their Celebrated Velocipedes.
Purchasers will please observe that MICHAUX & Co. in large letters are on each Machine, without which none are genuine.

SILVER LEVER WATCHES £3. 3s. to £6. 6s
Silver Horizontal ditto, £1. 10s. to £3. 3s.
Gold Lever ditto..... £7. 10s. to £21. 0s.
Gold Horizontal ditto, £3. 3s. to £7. 7s.
Every Watch accurately timed and guaranteed.
JEWELLERY
Of every description, in new and choice designs.
GOLD GUARD AND ALBERT CHAINS
In great variety.
T. ARMSTRONG & BROTHER,
Watch and Clock Manufacturers, Goldsmiths, &c.
88, DEANSGATE.
Dining and Drawing-room Clocks, Hall Clocks, Alarums, &c., in every variety. Lowest net prices only charged.

PURE WATER FILTERS at 5s. 6d.
PURE WATER FILTERS at 7s. 0d.
PURE WATER FILTERS at 10s. 6d.
As Exhibited at the great Exhibition 1851. Silver Prize Medal Manchester and Liverpool Agricultural Society, Silver Prize Medal Middleton Agricultural Society.
SLACK & BROWNLOW, 1, Victoria-st.
MANCHESTER.
Works: Upper Medlock-street Hulme.

IN REFERENCE
To WINE it is a fact that many persons are pleased if they can say "We import our own." They have an impression that by so doing they not only get it cheaper but purer; and, besides, there is the honour of importing. They overlook altogether that those Foreign Dealers who seek them out are quite aware of this amiable weakness, and do not fail to take advantage of it to add some shillings to the price. To assist the impression they judiciously insinuate that their article is purer than what usually comes to England, and thus they lull that desire for comparison which would soon dispel the delusion.
These remarks apply specially to
GERMAN WINES,
And, in proof of them, we would ask those Gentlemen who buy such Wines to compare our
STILL HOCK AT
20s. with their own importing at 24s.
24s. Do. do. „ 28s.
33s. Do. do. „ 36s.
42s. Do. do. „ 46s. to 48s.
48s. Do. do. „ 54s. to 60s.
SPARKLING HOCK AND MOSELLE.
36s. Do. do. „ 42s.
48s. Do. do. „ 54s. to 60s.
60s. & 66s. Do. do. „ 66s. to 80s.
Even supposing the value to be equal, there is this advantage in buying here, that any quantity can be got when wanted; whereas, in importing, a quantity of money is locked up, probably for years, in an article not of every day consumption.

James Smith & Company,
WINE MERCHANTS,
26, Market Street, Manchester.
11, Lord Street, Liverpool.
28, High Street, Birmingham.

THE TROPICAL BEETLE POWDER will destroy cockroaches, beetles, and crickets sooner and more effectually than any other preparation ever offered to the public. It is perfectly harmless to dogs or cats, as they will not touch it. The following is one out of a number of testimonials which the proprietor has received:—
"25, Carnarvon-street, Cheetham Hill Road,
"Manchester, April 29th, 1869.
"Mr. E. Griffiths Hughes.—Sir,—The effect of your tropical beetle powder is really marvellous. I laid some down one night, and the next morning the floor was fairly covered with cockroaches, dead and dying. I may say there were hundreds of them. After applying it three times, we were quite free from them.—Yours very truly,
"JAMES MILNER."
Manufactured by E. GRIFFITHS HUGHES, chemist, Cateaton-street, Manchester; and sold by all chemists, in 6d. and 1s. packets.
MAYER'S New Patent GASOGENES, for making half gallon of Soda Water, price 25s.

COMPARISON
THE TRUE TEST OF CHEAPNESS.
New Season's Congou.....2/6
Extra fine Pekoe Souchong.....3/4
JOHN W. SCOTT,
FAMILY GROCER,
276, DEANSGATE,
MANCHESTER.

Wedding Breakfasts,
BALL SUPPERS, and DINNERS Supplied, by
MESSRS. PARKER AND SON,
ST. MARY'S GATE,
In the most fashionable style, on moderate terms, including the hire of plate, china, glass, &c. An elegant assortment of Bridecakes always ready. Bills of fare for any number, with prices, sent post free. Late Purveyors to the Botanical Society.

WM. JAS. WRIGHT,
MILITARY TAILOR
AND
HATTER,
58, LOWER KING STREET,
MANCHESTER.

JOHN CAVANAH, HATTER, BOOTMAKER, and OUTFITTER, "Number Eleven," Oxford-st., (St. Peters). Agent for LINCOLN and BENNETT'S and CHRISTY'S HATS. Walking, Dress, & Sword Sticks, Canes, Umbrellas; Knapsacks, Portmanteaus, Valises, Satchels, Bags; Mackintoshes, Overcoats, Rugs, &c., in great variety.

HUSBAND'S NEW PATENT VENTILATING HATS, 35, MARKET-ST.

DIRECTORY.

[In the case of those names which are marked with an asterisk (*) a more detailed advertisement appears in another column.]

AMUSEMENTS & PUBLIC NOTICES.

*PRINCE'S THEATRE, Oxford-street.—Every night.

*POMONA GARDENS, Cornbrook.

*ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Belle Vue.

AUCTIONEERS AND VALUERS.

*MORRIS and BROWN, 13, South King-street.

BUTTER MERCHANTS.

*McCANEY and Co. 17, James-street, Smithfield Market, and 205, City Road.

CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS.

*Tic Doloreux Pills: JONES'S, 149, Chapel-street, Salford.

*Tropical Beetle Powder: E. GRIFFITHS HUGHES, Chemist, Cateaton-street, Manchester.

CONFECTIONERS.

*PARKER and SON, St. Mary's Gate.

FILTERS.

*SLACK and BROWNLOW, 1, Victoria-street; Works: Upper Medlock-street.

GROCERS AND TEA DEALERS.

*J. F. MART, 110, Borough Buildings, London Road.

*J. W. SCOTT, 276, Deansgate.

HATTERS.

*JAMES GEE, 13, Market-street.

*R. HUSBAND, 35, Market-street and Oldham-street.

HOTELS, RESTAURANTS, &c.

*CONCERT INN, York-st.—F. D. Clarke, Proprietor.

*NEW TOWN HALL RESTAURANT & Luncheon Bar, 51, Princess-street, Albert-square.

*THE OLD BANK LUNCHEON BAR and Chop Rooms, 85, Market-street.

*THE SHADES & OLD BANK RESTAURANTS, 2, New Brown-street, and 75, 77, 79, 81, 83, 85, 87, and 89, Market-street.—J. Bury, Proprietor.

HOUSE FURNISHERS.

*R. H. GIBSON, 90, to 96, Stretford Road, and 78, Oldham-street.

IRONMONGERS.

*SHILLITO and SHORLAND, 160 to 164, Stretford Road.

INDIA RUBBER GOODS.

*H. STATHAM and Co. 11, Corporation-street.

JEWELLERS AND WATCHMAKERS.

*T. ARMSTRONG and BROTHER, 88, Deansgate.

*R. WALMSLEY, 129, Oldham-street.

MANCHESTER WAREHOUSEMEN.

*G. R. ALLINSON, 54 and 54a, High-street.

MISCELLANEOUS.

*Carriage Manufacturer: J. H. SMITH, Victoria-street, Congleton.

*Globe Parcel Express Company: 127a, Market-st.

*Patent Corkscrew: GEORGE TWIGG, 30, Mosley Road, Birmingham.

*Perambulators: JOHN OWEN, 1, Oldham-street, and 80, Deansgate.

*Porpoise-skin Boot Laces: GILL and Co., 12, Brewer-street, Golden-Square, London.

*Starch Manufacturers: WOTHERSPOON & Co. Glasgow and London.

OUTFITTERS.

*H. R. FREEBORN & Co., Commercial Buildings, Cross-street, and 2, Victoria-street (late of the Arcade).

*JOHN CAVANAH, 11, Oxford-street.

RAILWAY EXCURSIONS.

*To Matlock.—MIDLAND RAILWAY Co. Every Saturday.

SEWING MACHINES.

*"FLORENCE" LOCK STITCH, 19 and 21, Blackfriars-street, corner of Deansgate.

*GROVER and BAKER'S, 67, Oldham-street.—J. Hodgson, Agent.

*W. GARNER, Park Works, Park-street, near Ducie Bridge.

STATIONERS AND PRINTERS.

*J. G. KERSHAW and Co. 37, Oxford-street.

SUMMER BEVERAGES.

*MOTTERSHEAD and Co. 1, Market Place.

TAILORS.

*Mc CONNELL & FRASER, City Buildings, Corporation-street.

*SHIRLEY and HILL, 52, Market-street.

*WILLIAM JAMES WRIGHT, 58, Lower King-street.

TOBACCO MANUFACTURERS.

*HARGRAVES, 44, Swan-street, and 2 to 10, Mason-street.

*J. C. EDWARDS & Co., 107, Piccadilly, near the Railway Station.

UMBRELLA MANUFACTURERS.

*DUNKERLEY & FRANKS, 7, Swan-st., New Cross.

VELOCIPEDES.

*JOSEPH WALSH, 57a, Piccadilly: (also Perambulators and Invalids' Carriages.

*KERSHAW'S, Store-street, Ancoats.

*MICHAUX and Co. Agent: S. Dawson, 36, Deansgate.

WINDOW BLINDS.

*J. HAYWARD, 5, John Dalton-street.

WINE MERCHANTS.

*JAMES SMITH and COMPANY, 26, Market-street, Manchester; 11, Lord-street, Liverpool; 28, High-street, Birmingham.

*J. STOCKS and Co. 121, Broad-street, Pendleton, and 266, Stretford Road.

The charges for insertion in the Directory, which are extremely moderate, may be ascertained by post, or on personal application to Messrs. J. G. KERSHAW & Co., *Sphinx* Office, 37, Oxford-street, Manchester.

NOTICE.

THE attention of Parents and others is requested to a PATENTED IMPROVEMENT in HOODS for PERAMBULATORS & INVALID CARRIAGES, which is a simple contrivance for raising or lowering the hood of such vehicles, and dispenses with the use of the strap ordinarily used. This invention may be applied at a small cost to any vehicle; is cheaper than anything which has preceded it, and is warranted for two years, the same as all Carriages sold at this establishment.

JOS. WALSH, 57a, Piccadilly, Manchester.

VELOCIPEDES constructed on the best principle, usually charged £10, selling at £7. 10.

DELICIOUS EFFERVESCING SUMMER BEVERAGES can be made at home, with the

NEW PATENT GAZOGENE,

PRICE 10s.

MOTTERSHEAD & CO., 1, MARKET PLACE.

(Wholesale and Retail.)

BUTTER! BUTTER! BUTTER!

McCANEY & CO.,

17, JAMES-ST., SMITHFIELD MARKET,

And 405, CITY ROAD, offer the best

NEW GRASS IRISH BUTTER

At 10d., 11d., and 1s per lb.

EGGS and POULTRY of the freshest and choicest description, at prices much cheaper than any other house in Manchester. Wholesale and retail customers meet with every attention.

FRESH ARRIVALS DAILY.

THE

Globe Parcel Express,

127a, MARKET STREET.

PARCELS & PACKAGES FORWARDED DAILY to ALL PARTS of ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, IRELAND,

AND THE

CONTINENT OF EUROPE.

GOODS and PARCELS forwarded per Mail and other Steamers or Sailing Vessels to India, China, Australia, United States, Canada, and all other parts of the World.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

SHILLITO AND SHORLAND,

Ironmongers and Gas Fitters,

IN ALL THEIR BRANCHES,

Owing to the great increase of their business, have taken the large and extensive Premises,

160, 162, and 164,

STRETFORD ROAD,

lately occupied by JOHN VERTEGANS and Co., Ironmongers (Limited), where will be found a large and well selected STOCK, at the Lowest Prices for Cash.

☞ Price Lists on application.

All kinds of Repairs promptly attended to.

GARDEN HOSE, with BRASS WORK.
H. STATHAM & CO., 11, Corporation-street.

FISHING STOCKINGS, TROUSERS AND BOOTS,
H. STATHAM & CO., 11, Corporation-street.

FLEXIBLE HOSE for GARDENS fitted with Taps, Jets, Roses, Spreaders, and Unions.
H. STATHAM & CO., 11, Corporation-street.

THE INDIA-RUBBER SPONGES and INDIA-RUBBER CORKS have only to be seen and tried to be appreciated and adopted.
H. STATHAM & CO., 11, Corporation-street.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT

Autumn is proverbially the season of sickness; then the blood requires purification, the digestion demands thorough and attentive regulation, and all the secretions call for correction. Holloway's remedies supply all the necessaries for securing health; the one overcomes cutaneous diseases, sores, ulcerations, abscesses, carbuncles, and all visible imperfections; the other acts most potently in cleansing the circulation, strengthening the stomach, governing the liver, regulating the bowels, and reducing the entire system to order. Thus these twin medicaments furnish the most efficient medicine chest available for family use. It is easier, through Holloway's discovery, to point out the remedy than to describe the disease; into the former no fallacy can intrude; into the latter prejudice may unwillingly creep.

Patronised by HER MAJESTY and their Royal Highnesses PRINCE & PRINCESS of Wales.

NICOLL'S

TRICHANOPHRON

Removes the scurf and all impurities from the skin, Strengthens Weak Hair, prevents its turning Grey, and and by daily application restores Grey Hair to its original colour, imparting to it a beautiful, clean, glossy appearance.—Sold in boules, 2s. 6d.

HAIR RESTORED & BALDNESS PREVENTED BY

NICOLL'S

ELECTRIC HAIR REGENERATOR.

One application prevents the hair from falling off, and by its use the short weak hair on the head, apparently bald, commences to grow with a vigour and rapidity truly astonishing. Its action on the hair through the medium of the skin removes all scurf and dandriff, and in many cases causes grey hair to turn to the original colour by removing obstructions at the root, causing the colouring or pigment to flow into the interior of the hair; one trial is sufficient to convince the most sceptical of its efficacy.—Sold in bottles, 2s. 6d.

PREPARED BY

NICOLL,

11, AIR-ST., REGENT'S QUADRANT, LONDON.

NICOLL'S

GOLDEN TINCTURE,

For giving a brilliant Golden Shade to Hair of any color. Sold in bottles, 3s. 6d.

NICOLL'S

CELEBRATED DEPILATORY,

For Removing Superfluous Hair. Sent to any part of the Three Kingdoms, carriage free, on receipt of 20 Stamps.

NICOLL'S

CELEBRATED SYRIAN LIQUID HAIR DYE.

Free from Smell. Warranted not to stain the skin. The Hair Dyed in One Minute.—In cases, 3s. 6d.

Post Office Orders payable at Vigo Street.

Hair Cutter to H.R.H. Prince of Wales.

MORRIS & BROWN,

AUCTIONEERS & VALUERS,

13, South King-street, Manchester.

D. ALONZO MORRIS.
C. J. BROWN.

J. HAYWARD,

(For several years Manager to the late firm of Scholes & Co.)

Window Blind Manufacturer

5, JOHN DALTON STREET,

MANCHESTER.

Sun-Shades of every description made to order.

JAMES HOYLE SMITH,

COACH-BUILDER, CONGLETON,

CHESHIRE,

Exhibited his celebrated Novelty, which forms Five distinct Carriages, viz.: as Vis-a-vis, to drive from the inside. Ditto for Coachman. Ditto Close Carriage, with or without Driving Seat. Ditto Barouche Head.

The only maker in England. 4 shapes £150. 5 shapes £180.

ALSO HIS

ELECT, OR LADIES' DOG CART,

Hung low, and easy of access, suitable for Cob or Horse.—**Price £35 to £40,** according to finish.

R. WALMSLEY, JEWELLER AND SILVERSMITH, Manufacturer of LEVER & CHRONOMETER WATCHES, 129, Oldham-st., Manchester.

THE "MAIN" PRINTING OFFICES.

J. G. KERSHAW & CO.

LITHOGRAPHERS AND LETTERPRESS PRINTERS,

BY STEAM POWER,

Patent Ledger and Account Book Manufacturers,

37, OXFORD STREET, PORTLAND STREET,

MANCHESTER.

LITHOGRAPHED

DRAWINGS OF MACHINERY, MAPS, PLANS OF ESTATES, &C.

BANKERS' NOTES, CHEQUES, DRAFTS, &c.

Circulars, Invoices, Statements, Prices Current, Note Heads, &c.

Plain & Ornamental Tickets

FOR SHIPPERS AND THE HOME TRADE.

ALL THE MOST USEFUL SIZES OF STAR AND PATTERN TICKETS KEPT IN STOCK.

General Commercial Lithographic Printing of every description, by their Patent Anglo-French Steam Machine.

PATTERN BOOKS

AND SHEETS FOR MUSLIN AND CALICO PRINTERS.

Every branch of the Printing and Stationery Trade executed on the Premises.

PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS OF "THE SPHINX,"

ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY.—PRICE ONE PENNY.

G. R. Allinson, General Manchester Warehouse) Families supplied. Any length cut from the piece at Wholesale Prices. (54 & 54a, Hig

THE *DAILY NEWS.*

MR. John Murray, the third in descent of that noble, grand, illustrious, and learned publishing house, which has filled its wine cups with British gold (wine cups made of authors' skulls), while the house they feasted in has been cemented with authors' brains—Mr. John Murray, we say, is about to publish a new Review, the *Academy*, to be written by Oxford men. No one less than an M.A. will be permitted to write. D.D.'s will be in request, and Heads of Colleges will be attended with printer's devils in college caps and ragged gowns, as if they were regular undergrads and no freshmen. In fact all our popular writers are *au desespoir*, as Lady Blessington would have said, and many of them think of going up to Oxford at once. Pshaw! you say. But 'tis not so. My dear Murray, *non de te fabula narratur*. You pay liberally, as your grandfather did, but you will make a fool of yourself if you depend upon class writers. We, who have sat in college class and have furtively stolen across the green quad, know what fools Oxford sends forth. We know, also, that the *Reader* was sent to the bottom, with a freight of several thousand pounds, by writers every one of whom was a graduate. Is the talent of cram and acquisition diametrically opposed to style, dispersion, reacting, humour, fun, liveliness, and grace, or is it not? For by these a paper lives.

But listen to this history. Poor Mr. Thackeray lay upon his bed making engagements for the *Cornhill Magazine*. Someone mentioned the name of George Augustus Sala, and the Bohemian nature of the great Author flushed up, and he said, "That man, sir, that man Sala is a big 'hoss,' big enough to pull any shay about." We mention this to the honour of both men, especially as G. A. S. has since been "pulling about" furniture vans and hat-shops, has been describing an advertising draper's in St. Paul's, and a firm of mercers in Marylebone. It was generous of Thackeray, but he was mistaken. Sala, the liveliest of living descriptive correspondents, a learned man, deeply read and a student, though he seems not one, was not able to "pull about" Hogarth's Biography with any decency, and has lamentably failed in all his novels.

You see, to some is given the gift of prophecy, to others of ministration, to others of exhortation. Mr. Charles Dickens, Messrs. Bradbury and Evans and others, Mr. John Forster, and Mr. Dickens's *umbra* or *alter ego*, good Mr. William Henry Wills, who married the sister of the Chambers, thought that in 1842 they could set up a paper to rival the *Times* and to astonish London. This was the *Daily News*. It was heralded by a great flourish of trumpets, and Mr. Dickens—who was then at the zenith of his glory; a visitor to the Duke of Devonshire and to many of the nobility; petted by Jeffery of the *Edinburgh Review*, applauded by the people, and with reason—was put in the fore-front. He had then concluded *Martin Chuzzlewit*, full of those wonderful American sketches in which he had anticipated, almost prophetically, the Bunkum of the States in Pogram, the great "Pogram Defiance," and Jefferson Brick, the War Correspondent, who makes Queen Victoria tremble in her royal shoes in her royal residence the Tower of London. The popular author was named as the superintendent of the Literary department. To float this Leviathan of the Press, and afterwards to tug it into the vast ocean of popularity, the great author, who was, of course, "quite big enough to pull any shay about," wrote in its columns that weakest of all his works, *Pictures from Italy*, in which "milord" Dickens, "milady," milady's maid, the courier, the travelling chaise, *fourgon*, milord's children, and all the illustrious train figured *ad nauseam*. It is not pleasant to remember these things even historically. The private history of an author has no right to be thrust upon the public, and is most unsavoury of all when thrust upon it by himself. We did not particularly care, we young men of the day, to hear what the courier did and said, nor how the carriage travelled. There was not the wonderful humour of the *remise* in Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*, nor the proud poverty of the man who notes that he has but one pair of black satin breeches. Mr. Dickens travelled as a prince, or as princes, fools, and Englishmen are said on the continent to travel, and the public soon turned up its imperial nose at the *Pictures from Italy*, which were scarcely pictures at all. Sketches they were, and some of them hardly by a master-hand.

Mr. Wentworth Dilke, of Dilkoosia, a party essentially knowing, adept, sly, looking for power—

> In seeking his pleasure or grubbing his pelf,
> He was true to one party, and that was himself,

did, we believe, join this little fishing party, and the *Daily News* was reported in London to be especially strong in Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, and the large provincial manufacturing towns. Mr. John Forster was installed as editor. He had been connected with Leigh Hunt and Fonblanque's paper, the *Examiner*, and he has since written a pleasant *Life of Goldsmith*, and a biography of Walter Savage Landor, but he was just the last person in the world to be a "popular" editor. The leaders, the exhaustive reviews, Mr. Dickens's literary portion, and one or two other things sunk the *Daily News*. And yet there was a very respectable tone about the paper. Mr. Dickens does not know much about politics, and Mr. Forster was dreaming of his heavy sentences about "the arrest of the Five Members." But the first has a fine appreciation of Circumlocution, Red Tape, and the How Not to Do it offices in government, and the second was earnest.

The foreign correspondents of the *Daily News* were very able; the staff of gallery men for the House of Commons—including a huge Irishman, whose frontispiece promised more than was to be found in his book—was perhaps the very ablest in all London, and the gentlemen composing it were well paid, but *quantum mutatus ab illo tempore!* The city article was honestly and well done, and in short, if any paper struggled manfully for existence the *Daily News* did. Messrs. Bradbury and Evans were the printers. *Punch* at their back set his watch by the *Times*, but cunningly referred every now and then to our able contemporary the *D. N.* Mr. Wills worked like a horse, and filled up the paper with padding that was amusing and of a nice literary cast. The wags amongst Pressmen tell extraordinary stories about the first few weeks of the new paper,—how the porters were put in green plush inexpressibles, and the printer's devils were ordered to have clean hands,—how an official in dress coat and white tie offered to the editor, and the literary editor of course, each letter as it came on a gorgeously plated salver, with what those ignorant Sheffield houses advertize as a "richly encrusted" or chased border,—how Mrs. Wittiterly (who called her page Alphonse, when if ever there was a boy in the world who had plain Bill written on his face that boy was he) seemed to reign supreme in Bouverie Street and to lord it at Whitefriars. But the crash came.

There is nothing like success to make people agree. Mr. Forster's articles were not successful, and but for pecuniary considerations some of Jerrold's bitter gibes at the *D. N.* would have appeared in print against his own little party. Not that he personally ever thought of sparing any one. The *Times* held its own. It had, at one time, an awkward habit of stitching up dead specimens of newspapers, especially if cheap, in its columns, with a solemn jeer. "We regret to record the untimely death of the *Poketown Banner;* this promising and talented member of the Press family expired at the early age of four weeks." It is said that it kept the obituary of our Liberal friend the *Daily News* pigeon-holed ready for insertion, with a few more than usually bitter strokes to conclude with. It had not to record the death of the paper; the *Daily News* is now stronger than ever, and has been saved from annihilation by the vitality inherent in its purpose, and in every established paper, and its clever editing.

After Mr. Forster retired, several gentlemen—Mr. Knight Hunt, Mr. William Weir, and others—took his chair. The editor's chair of a monthly magazine, with, let us say, only fifteen articles in it, Mr. Thackeray found had thorns in; that of the gentleman who fills a similar post in a London daily paper must have pen-knives and bradawls, to say nothing of tenpenny nails. Mr. Thomas Walker, who for many years has been chief editor of the *Daily News*, and who succeeded a gentleman who lost his life in the battle of the Press, seems

to have the good fortune to feel these less than any one. He is a good man, one always admired and praised for his urbanity and skill, a conscientious hard worker, and an honour to his profession. At the Bar, with such devoted study and work, he would have been a Chief Justice, and, from beneath a horse-hair wig, would have delivered oracular nothings; as a physician, he might have been a baronet—doctors are not allowed a higher rank in this kingdom of little Britain, not even if they, like Jenner, deliver Europe from a scourge, and bless millions yet unborn!—as a clergyman he would have been a bishop; as a shopman, a twenty thousand pounder; as a manufacturer, a millionaire: as a conscientious editor, who has saved the Queen, by his right guidance, more than the keep of ten regiments of ridiculous horse, he is nothing.

Lately the *Daily News* has been sold, and reduced to a penny. The Tory party lost an immense opportunity when they let that slip; but it is of little use crying over spilt milk. Mr. Samuel Morley, a religious and excellent manufacturer, a rich City man, and an eminent dissenter, is understood to be chief proprietor, leagued with Mr. Labouchiere, formerly M.P. for Middlesex, and lessee of the Queen's Theatre, Long Acre. But in no sense can we regard the *Daily News* as a great success. A glance at its advertising columns will assure one of that. And yet its foreign correspondence is still admirable—that from New York perhaps the best on the Press. The reason is not far to seek. The *D. N.* is cold and argumentative; very proper and very decent, but without brilliant talent. What it does it does well, but not a bit too well. It is honest but never "rollicking." It never roars like the young lions of the *Daily Telegraph*, and is never so delightfully indiscreet as that paper. It addresses a poorer but a much more reflective and less stupid class than does the *Times*, and the balderdash of that journal would not be permitted to the *Daily News*. When Mr. Dickens drew that inimitable sketch of the two newspaper editors, Messrs. Potts and Slurk, he describes one of them reading an article in which the rival is described as a "paper of no circulation, and having no political opinions," and which concludes by prophecying that "the *Eatanswill Gazette* will shortly sink into its native mud which will bury it for ever." The *Daily News* is not the E. G. It is clear, profound, honest. If it has not "the largest circulation in the world" it has great political influence, its reviews are good, its opinion formed conscientiously; and yet, we imagine, it has had great difficulty in keeping its wise head above the mud of Oblivion.

MANCHESTER ARCHITECTURE.

II.—PRESENT.

IN criticising the present architecture of Manchester, we shall refer more especially to buildings erected during the last quarter of a century. Twenty years ago Mr. Richard Lane was *the* Manchester architect, and to him we owe most of the public buildings which were erected about that time. The Royal Infirmary, the Chorlton Town Hall, the Penitentiary, were all designed by Mr. Lane. These buildings are classic with a vengeance. Stuart's book on Athens seems to have been the fount at which Mr. Lane and his school filled their architectural buckets, and so it comes to pass that we find odd ends of Grecian temples attached to, and incorporated with, so many of our buildings. Warehouse architecture, until quite recently, was almost entirely in the hands of builders, who were content to take a tea-chest for their model. Bannerman's warehouse in York Street, and the one recently pulled down in Portland Street, may be taken as the best illustrations of this class of work. These Builder-architects had, however, one merit—simplicity; and, with all their plainness, their work was substantial and honest. Taken for all in all, it is often far preferable to some of our later erections.

Lane's work, as far as externals are concerned, was mere plagiarism, though from an ancient source. Mr. Walters succeeded Lane, and to him belongs the credit of having introduced artistic treatment of detail into warehouse architecture. His style may be called Palladian, very broadly treated. The ornamentation used by this architect is most striking for its originality. He discarded all the old stock ornament hitherto used, and set out boldly to design for himself. Witness the carvings on the windows of the building opposite the old Theatre Royal site, and also the details on the piles of buildings extending between Aytoun Street and the Queen's Hotel. Without committing ourselves in favour of Mr. Walter's ideas and creations, we must award him the honour of beginning a new architectural era in our city.

From Palladian we come to Gothic, and here we must mention the Manchester Shipping Offices, in Albert Square, as the first prominent Gothic warehouse erected. Messrs. Speakman and Charlesworth were its architects. We admire the boldness with which they have seized the spirit of Gothic work and adapted it to modern requirements. A Gothic warehouse or a shop should not remind one of a desecrated church or convent.

From warehouses we must descend to shops, and in this peculiar branch of architecture we have literally nothing to show. Most of our shops have been after-thoughts. The basement stories of what once were private houses or small warehouses have been taken out, and their place filled with slender iron pillars and plate glass. The consequence of this is, that we have a very great weight suspended, as it were, in the air. It would puzzle many a one to say what supports the buildings over our shops. So far has this cutting away the basement been carried that great insecurity is necessarily the result. Ever so slight an earthquake would lay our principal streets in ruins. Take one notable example. If the foundation of Mottershoad's shop gave way even a very little, where would the superincumbent building be? Even as it is, it looks as though it were determined to make acquaintance with the streets. Other towns have some worthy shop architecture, *e.g.*, New Street, Birmingham; but we have none, excepting, perhaps, Lamb's furniture warehouses in John Dalton Street, and Messrs. Palmer and Howe's in Princess Street. The latter is a bold attempt at originality, but its success is only partial. It has many excellencies, but it looks as though the plates of glass were its chief support.

The London and North Western Railway warehouses are in their way perfection. Almost the same meed of praise must be given to those recently erected by the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway Company. The architect of Mc Kenna's brewery, Harpurhey, has achieved a success in designing a brewery, which is at the same time a really elegant building. We would rather live opposite to it and its chimney than in sight of one half the private houses we have around us.

Though we have works from the hands of Pugin, Barry, and Scott, our ecclesiastical architecture is of a very debased, inferior class. Pugin's church in Hulme, though unfinished, has some of that great master's subtle charm about it, but it can never rank among his *magna opera*. Barry's church (St. Matthew's), in Knot Mill, serves to prove that its author never could by any possibility have also designed the Houses of Parliament; and Scott's church—the Holy Trinity, Stretford Road—is a very poor specimen of his genius. Were the chancel of Holy Trinity lengthened, the tower opened out, and the churchwardens compelled to scrub all their nasty paint from off the walls, it would perhaps be more worthy of Scott.

Mr. Crowther has erected two notable churches, St. Mary's, Hulme, and St. Alban's, Strangeways. Of these two churches, though greatly inferior in external effect, St. Alban's must be awarded the palm. The chancel at St. Mary's is very fine, and it hides or distracts from the other many faults of the nave. The Roman Catholics ought to be proud of their pro-Cathedral at Salford, but they have done their best to utterly ruin its interior. All the stonework has been either whitewashed or painted, and the aisle walls have been disfigured with very vulgarly executed "stations of the cross. We think Messrs. Hadfield and Son would weep were they to see the plight their work has been reduced to. It is a copy of two churches, Selby and Howden, and, though a copy, is undoubtedly the finest ecclesiastical work we possess. The only stiffness about it is to be found in the clerestory windows to the choir. These are as bad as bad can be. Messrs. Taylor Brothers have also erected of our churches not a few. To only one of these can we afford much praise. Mr. Pocklington's (St. Michael's) church in Hulme is a very good specimen of what a city church, and its complement of buildings, should be. Church schools and clergy house are all grouped together, and very well grouped too. All Messrs. Taylor's other churches are so strikingly alike that they can hardly be distinguished from each other. Their main faults are flimsiness, pretentiousness, and vulgarity. Now and again features catch the eye which make us sure that their designers are capable of much better work, but they bear the mark of being got up, and not the offspring of an original mind.

A word or two on our monumental architecture. Our contemporary

the *Architect* remarked that it would be a godsend to art were all our Albert Memorials swept away. The *Architect* must have had our Albert Memorial in his mind when he spoke thus. The truth is that we need not hope for better public memorials and statues so long as our common councillors are left to decide in these matters. The Prince of Wales visited us a few weeks since, and, in honour of his visit all our statues were actually painted and varnished. Fancy varnish and paint to a bronze statue. As a necessary consequence, the sharpness of all our metal worthies has vanished. The pedestals were at the same time sandstoned. The *Sphinx* recommended the use of a few brick-bats, and we think we thus averted some of the mischief from the Albert Memorial. Remove the Albert Memorial if you like, as soon as possible, but while it remains do not let it be ground to bits.

In our next and concluding paper we will endeavour to raise the veil from before the architecture of the future, and in so doing will illustrate our remarks by further criticism on the faults of existing buildings.

TOWN TALK,

AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

THE ST. PETER'S MARTYR.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to the *Examiner and Times*, complaining of rude treatment at St. Peter's church. Two considerations disentitle him to sympathy. A man who goes to church to hear music deserves whatever treatment he gets, and a man who expects good taste and feeling from a congregation that makes music the end and object of worship ought to suffer for his innocence.

PRECEPT AND PRACTICE.

A writer in a weekly contemporary, whom other papers seem to conspire with correspondents not to let alone—perhaps because his observations generally form the most interesting column of the newspaper in which they appear—has been making some very proper remarks upon the character of certain quasi-medical advertisements. He took for his text the hand-bills posted up and circulated in the streets. Need he have travelled quite so far from home for wherewithal to point his moral—or, indeed, beyond the seventh column of the paper he contributes to?

THE WESLEYANS AND THE LITURGY.

A correspondent, dating from Moss Side, Manchester, writes to us as follows:—"You announced last week the adoption, by the congregation of the Cheetham Hill Independent Chapel, of a liturgical form of service, and remarked upon the approach to unity of worship among Protestant churches, which a general adoption of the Liturgy would indicate. It may not be known to your readers that the Liturgy of the Church of England is, and has for many years, been regularly used by the Wesleyan Methodists, in several of their most influential congregations, where the intelligence and education of the people have been favourable to its admission. A singular contrast to this liberality has occurred in connection with the church recently erected by the Wesleyans in Whalley Range, a contrast heightened from the fact of its being one of the most beautiful specimens of architecture possessed by the denomination. The Radnor Street Wesleyan congregation, by whom chiefly this new chapel has been built, use the Liturgy, but it is to be abandoned at the Whalley Range Chapel, on account of the objection felt by some of the congregation to forms of prayer. The remarks of Mr. Conder, quoted by you, have very considerable significance when read in connection with this. It would be interesting to know what the objectors to forms have to say about the Lord's Prayer, or to the rather acute remark I heard from the pulpit of St. Peter's Church last Sunday, that an extemporaneous prayer is a *form* to all but the person who is is uttering it.—I am, sir, your obedient servant, A WESLEYAN METHODIST."

MANCHESTER V. BROUGHTON.

The cricket match between Manchester and Broughton, on the Broughton ground, on Friday and Saturday last, in itself an unusually interesting one, both locally and otherwise, was made more so by the result of the previous match. The Manchester Eleven was in several respects different to that which played at Old Trafford. Mr. Appleby was absent, and his place was not adequately filled up, whilst Allen Hill was replaced by Reynolds. The chief alteration on the side of the Broughton was that Mr. Wright was absent, to the delight of the enemy, and to the intense sorrow of "Ormskirk," who is that gentleman's profound admirer. The first innings of the Manchester was not remarkable. The scores were not large, and of course the total was moderate. Payne's slow bowling was, as usual, extraordinarily destructive. Broughton followed, and with the assistance of Mr. Collier, who had no doubt satisfactory reasons for disguising himself under a *nom de plume*, and who, with a little assistance from the field, played a not-out innings of eighty-five. Manchester was left once seventy behind. The chief feature of the second innings of the Manchester was, to our mind, the play of Mr. Hillkirk. Though suffering severely from the effects of an old cricketing injury he made the capital score of forty-six, and would in all probability have been not-out if, through a blunder between Mr. Rowley, who was running for him, and Reynolds, he had not been run out. Broughton had thus a hundred and four runs to get, and when time was called three wickets had fallen and nineteen runs had been made. Thus the return match, like the other, terminated in a "a draw." It is impossible not to wish that arrangements could be made for beginning play at something like the time advertized. With only moderate scoring there should be ample time to play out the match in two days. An extra hour and a half on Saturday would no doubt have decided the game one way or another. Still it must be remembered, in part justification of the delay, that many of the players have some sort of business engagements to which attention may have to be paid in the morning. Who would have won the match no one with any appreciation of the wonderful uncertainty of cricket will attempt to decide. The ladies of Broughton are proverbial for their fondness for cricket: we have, however, seen them much more strongly represented than on the afternoons of Friday and Saturday. Perhaps the absence of a band, or the fact that admission was to be obtained without payment, had something to do with this diminution of their numbers.

LORD BYRON AND MRS. BEECHER STOWE.

IN perusing the disagreeable paper which Mrs. Beecher Stowe has written in *Macmillan*, for the avowed purpose of preventing the youth of this generation from reading the poems of Lord Byron, one is struck with the dissoluteness of the means employed for so very inadequate an end. Our experience is, that the youth of this generation do not read Byron's poems very much, and that, even if they did, they would never have discovered for themselves that the bard had been given to incest, or that he advocated it, or that generally he was a man who, nearly fifty years after his death, required to be rated by an American dame in *Macmillan's Magazine*, because his own wife had not rated him during her lifetime.

Mrs. Stowe's pretence for her unsavoury production is very weak indeed. There are several pretences, but they are none of them strong or satisfying. Let us remember what this voluntary whitewasher of a stainless lady has done. She has told us that Lord Byron was not only guilty of incest, but that he tried to make his young wife a conniver at this infamy. Mrs. Stowe does not offer one word or scintilla of proof. Lady Byron might have had her suspicions, and it is pretty certain that, if she had hinted them to her husband, such was his wayward disposition, that he would have been very likely to have defended the theory, or, at all events, to have baffled his wife's arguments by trying to upset them. But Lady Byron's suspicions, after the lapse of so many years, and unsupported, as far as Mrs. Stowe's paper is concerned, by any other testimony, are scarcely sufficient to induce us now to haul down the poet whose verses we so often hear quoted—verses the beauty and force of which will only be momentarily, if it all, impaired by the New England "uncletommery" of this fussy old lady. Carrying back our recollection to our own Byronian epoch, when *Childe Harold* was our delight, and *The Vision of Judgment* a thorough exhilaration, like the swirl of a boomerang, we can never remember being led away into admiration of these pieces simply because their author was a libertine, and had left his wife and consorted with frail Italians. The imitators of

Lord Byron in those days were of the spooning order; very loose about the neck, with a collar made apparently for the ministrations of Calcraft, and with a face that bore the shadow of that Old Bailey practitioner on its front—doleful, dejected, and caterwauling. Of Lady Byron we never gave a thought, certainly we never gave an unkind thought, as of a harsh, unfeeling spouse, or of a woman who was hanging on to the divine genius of her lord and pulling it down. For us, therefore, and for hundreds and thousands like us, Lady Byron's character—which Mrs. Stowe pretends has suffered so much during all these years, and which she, of all women in the world, was bound to lustrate, as having been summoned thereto by a voice from the dead—needed no justification at all.

What may have been the tittle-tattle of London fifty years ago was then of small importance to the great world beyond London. At that time there were no swarms of newspapers to blow up this tittle-tattle into a blaze, and make it the talk of every tea-table in the three kingdoms. Why then could it not have been let alone? Assuming the truth of this nasty charge—which is a very unwarrantable assumption indeed—why open the charnel house and uncover the coffin, and have all the bad hums and ha's of London town over again? It seems puerile to vaunt the wise and womanly reticence of the injured wife, and then do the mischief after all; and it is utterly inconsistent with the character Mrs. Stowe herself gives of Lady Byron, that she should have dictated this shameful exposition. The merest child can see at once the inadequacy of the Guiccioli plea. *That* mischief will have had, or rather would have had, but a very circumscribed area. The persons who would have thought evil of Lady Byron, by reason of the statements of her Italian rival, might have been left to their desires without a second thought. Mrs. Stowe unearths the foul garnerings of years for the purpose of killing one rat. There is to us something inexplicable in the whole affair. If Mrs. Stowe were not a very accomplished authoress, we should almost be inclined to say that, in order to make a few paying sheets for a popular magazine, she had unsettled a nation. By a rare ingenuity she has contrived to reproduce old days, and to lay bare the wounds that time was mercifully cicatrizing. There is no accounting for tastes. The article reads as if this dear good woman had a personal hatred, not only to Lord Byron, but to Tom Moore, to Lady Blessington, and to everyone else who was charmed with the poet's verses. There never has been in literary history such a wonderful piece of busy-bodying. If Lady Byron left any statement in writing, why was it not given in its veritable shape? We do not want Mrs. Stowe's garnish to this tragedy. Moreover we distrust her recollection, as we would distrust the recollection of any woman about anything in the conjugal infidelity line one year after the recital, to say nothing of thirteen years.

We shall watch the development of this controversy with the greatest curiosity. It will pretty certainly be discovered that the parsons on one or other side of the Atlantic have had a hand in all this. There are the traces in this wretched effusion of a gentleman who has been built on the same lines, if not in the same dockyard, as the Rev. George Gilfillan. In profane circles there is only one person who teaches morality after Mrs. Beecher Stowe's fashion, and that is the author of *Formosa*. Has Mrs. Stowe already sold the dramatic copyright, and will the kinsfolk of Lady Byron be able to go and see the savoury potted meat of Mrs. Stowe souped out in a diluted form to Strand audiences for a hundred nights?

Mrs. Stowe has the easy habit of her sex of interpreting the ways of Providence and—not to speak it profanely—of manipulating the Almighty to suit her own narrow conceptions. Every now and then in her paper this characteristic breaks out. She tells us that Lady Byron had a "perfect conviction that her husband was now a redeemed spirit, that he looked back with pain and shame and regret on all that was unworthy in his past life, and that if he could speak or could act in the case, he would desire to prevent the farther circulation of base falsehoods and of seductive poetry which had been made the vehicle of morbid and unworthy passions." There is something awful in the contemplation of this sentence; it requires a Harriet Beecher Stowe to grapple with it. If departed spirits do concern themselves after death with the doings of this nether world, what must the departed poet think of Mrs. Beecher Stowe? That pious dame will no doubt argue that the poet is safe, and that she only deals in *Macmillan* with what he *was*. Her cutting and slashing at his earthly reputation he is supposed to bear with heavenly serenity and with a blessed forgiveness. But how will it be about the "seductive poetry?" No one can doubt that the *Macmillan* article will revive the sale of *Manfred*, *Don Juan*, *Cain*, and the rest. The public—craving for some new excitement—will turn over the pages from which Mrs. Stowe so amply quotes, and the "seductive poetry" which the sainted bard, according to Mrs. Stowe's account, would so willingly let die, will be displayed at every railway station in England. Mrs. Stowe will have a satisfactory explanation of this, no doubt, for she is a woman of whom it may safely be said that she thinks she knows how to make the best of both worlds.

SHAKESPERIAN ENTERTAINMENT.

BY THE SALFORD CORPORATION.

A GRAND Shakesperian entertainment took place last week, consisting of selections from the plays of the great poet, adapted for the occasion, in commemoration of the laying of the coping stone of the new footbridge across the Irwell, and the immersion of many of the borough officials in the river, owing to the giving way of the platform.

1. SOLILOQUY.

Spoken by Mr. Cawley, M.P., in his celebrated character of Hamlet, Prince of Darkness, or Denmark.

'Tis not alone thy inky coat, old river,
Nor customary scum of solemn black,
With windy suspiration of foul gas,
No, nor the fruitful river of the Irk,
Nor the sweet-smelling savour of thy surface,
Together with all forms, modes, shows of stench,
Which can denote thee truly. These indeed smell!
Still they have odours which a man may bear,
But thou hast horrors unconceived, below—
These but the essence of Cologne's sweet Eau!

2. SCENE FROM MACDEATH.

[*Enter the Mayor, Mr. Crossland, and the Officer of Health.*]

THE MAYOR.—If thou could'st, Doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo
That should applaud again.—[*Exit.*]

MR. CROSSLAND.— My way of life
Is fallen into the Sewer. I've come to grief,
And that which should inaugurate our bridge,
As speeches, toasts, champagne, and silver trowels,
We must not look to have, but in their stead
Curses, not loud, but deep.

DOCTOR SYSON.— O I have fallen
Into a pit of ink! that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash me clean again,
And salt too little, which may season give
To my foul tainted flesh!

3. SCENE FROM MACDEATH.

A blasted heath in Lower Broughton. Thunder and lightning. A cauldron of gas-tar, burning, with a great waste of ammonia water. Enter three witches.

First Witch . . . Mr. C. E. Cawley, M.P.
Second Witch . . . Mr. Alderman Platt.
Third Witch . . . Mr. Councillor Dyson.

FIRST WITCH.—When shall we three meet again,
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

SECOND WITCH.—In the smoke or in the flood,
In the stink or in the mud;
When the hurly-burly's done,
When the battle's lost and won?

THIRD WITCH.—That won't be ere set of sun.

FIRST WITCH.—Where the place?

SECOND WITCH.—Upon the bridge.

THIRD WITCH.—There to meet Mac Girr!

FIRST WITCH.—I come, Greatmutchkin.

ALL.—Pochin calls; anon:
Fair is foul and foul is fair,
Hover through fog and filthy air.

Witches vanish (to the Bridge Inn.)

A WINTER'S TALE.

THE spirited management of the Prince's Theatre has made a magnificent mistake; which, however, it is not too late partly to rectify. It has been actuated by a high and laudable ambition, and we are exceedingly sorry to be constrained to say that, as yet, it has not succeeded in accomplishing what it intended. It has lavished an enormous amount of money, industry, and care, upon that one of all Shakespere's comedies which is most difficult of success, thinking too much of the fine openings it afforded for beautiful scenery and costumes, and too little of the absolute necessity in which it stands of the very ablest interpretation by its representatives. The management, unfortunately, has not much first or even second class acting at its disposal, and such as it has is hardly competent to maintain the interest of the spectator in a long and somewhat uneventful story. In truth, the management has been misled by its very liberality, and has overshot the mark. It has not merely placed the Shakesperian gems in gorgeous settings which enhance them, but has positively smothered them in golden circumstance. For five hours did the *Tale* drag its slow length along, through gorgeous scenes, round superfluous episodes, and over weary interludes. The full house was very cold, and towards the last act thinned rapidly. That this inordinate protraction of the piece was unexpected by the management is proved by their announcement that the performance would be over shortly after ten. We may, therefore, reasonably hope that in future representations the action will be quickened, and much cumbrous matter cut out. Indeed, the remedy for the indubitable boredom of the piece, as played on Wednesday night, is so palpable and simple—being just scissors—that it will probably be exercised at once, and freely. We prefer to postpone full criticism of the play until those useful instruments have done their wholesome work. Indeed, it is only just to the management to do so.

For the present, we content ourselves with remarking the exceeding beauty of the scenery and gracefulness of grouping the attendant characters. The Theatre at Syracuse is, perhaps, the most effective picture; and the statue in the last scene is most statuesquely represented. In fact, the scenery is lovely with legitimate loveliness. The episodical effects are also magnificent, but with a magnificence which we cannot think so genuine. There is too much orchestral accompaniment, too much singing, too much playing, too much dancing, too much *etcetera*. Above all, there is too much pedantry. Shakespere was notoriously careless of anachronism: why then scour *Becker's Charikles*, *Zahn's Pompeian Ornaments*, and *Smith's Antiqities* for particulars which do not matter one iota. It is a waste of power. It is endeavouring to give the stage a useless realness it is impossible it ever should possess. Body of Calvert and soul of Shakespere, what on earth influence upon the surging instincts of a human crowd has the precise shape of "the ancient Greek musical instruments?" Some of the effects—to wit, the entrances and exits to slow music—are not only unnecessary, but unnatural. Mr. Calvert is quite right in his contention that to attire the plays of Shakespere "in their *appropriate* vesture" is to advance the true interests of dramatic art; but to attire them in inappropriate vesture, to keep fitting them with fresh suits of clothes and sets of ornaments, not to show them to advantage, but that they may set off those clothes and ornaments, surely merits that trenchant epithet, "upholstery," which Mr. Calvert blenches at. At times, one might imagine one was at the Christmas pantomime. What with prowling bears and dancing satyrs—originally introduced only to gratify the bad taste of the vulgar—Leontes and Hermione fade into chaos. A story which stands especially in need of rapid sustained telling is dribbled out until its essence evaporates in air. While what action there is moves from Mr. and Mrs. Calvert, as in the first three acts, the tedious delay is just tolerable; but when it falls into the hands of minor members of the company, as in the fourth act, it is a weariness of the flesh and of the spirit.

These words may sound ungrateful for the splendid effort of the management to achieve a grand legitimate success, but they are the truest kindness. Almost all the faults we have alluded to can easily be obviated, and it is in the hope that they will be expunged that we so heartily condemn them. When Autolycus takes at least two minutes to pick a man's pocket, it is time to grumble at the slowness of the piece's action, of which it is a sample. By next week we hope, and we expect, we shall be able to speak of the performance in terms of praise much more unqualified. The third act and the last may be made great effects, if they are less swamped by the interloping fourth; the music, in the first two acts especially, should be diminished; the festoons of flowers in the first scene should be arranged to hang less stiffly; the lime-light man should be made to take the pledge; the revels in the fourth act should be curtailed; the bear and satyrs should be suppressed; the refreshment people should not rattle ginger beer bottles; and the play-bill should be subdued. Experience may make the actors smarter in their parts. If not, excisions must be made; or the revival will be still-born, and it will not be the public's fault.

AT THE CITY COUNCIL.

UNDER strong editorial pressure the meek victim who pens these lines paid last Wednesday week a visit to the council chamber. Pressure is always necessary to squeeze anybody through the diminutive door, and push them up the miniature staircase which leads into the gallery appointed for such broken-shinned strangers as succeed in finding their laborious way up through the darkness. But extra pressure was required on this occasion, as the victim had been victimized before, and shunned a repetition of his martyrdom. For, to say nothing of the staircase, to sit and listen to the rhetoric of most of the speakers in all its native luxuriance, unpruned as yet by the ruthless gentlemen scribbling a little and yawning a great deal in the queer little boxes opposite, *is* a martyrdom. But your editor is an autocrat of the most unconstitutional sort; and if you are rebellious, brings you back into obedience by calmly scoring his editorial pen through every other line you write, for the next week or two. So, your inclination yields to your vanity, and you go wheresoever he listeth.

Into King-street, up the steps, along the vestibule, up some more steps, opposite the clock—which pulls your watch out with an irresistible attraction—up some more steps, (bless them) to the right, through an office and a little door, and—you are floundering in the blackness of night, without sufficient light to make the darkness visible. But though you cannot see, you can hear. Rattle, rattle, rattle, (hear, hear,) rattle, rattle, rattle—bang! (ha! ha! ha!) rattle, rattle, rattle—bless the man, who can it be?—rattle, rattle, rattle, (oh, oh!) bang! (ha! ha! ha!) rattle, rattle—Ooh! there goes one of your shins against the iron staircase. But you've found it: that's a comfort: and you hold on like grim death. Well, is it for you that you do, for the first step you take, slip goes your foot and crack your other shin, and you awake to the consciousness that its a spiral staircase and six inches wide. Your next step lands you on something soft, but lumpy—like a foot with a plentiful supply of corns—a gentle curse is breathed into your ear, and you feel the portly form of an official taking up five inches of the six originally placed at your disposal. Who is the obstacle? Happy thought: some salary question on; find out whose it is. What's this? Hallo! —another official on the six-inch spiral staircase. *Two* salary questions on! Oh, come, this is getting past a joke! —a *third* official on the six-inch spiral staircase. *Three* salary questions on! These town-hall officials seem to devote the chief portion of their official time to getting their salaries raised. Meanwhile, rattle, rattle, goes the voice above, louder and louder grow the bangs, and cheerier than ever sounds the ha—ha—has! Who can it be? Another step, and you detect a tone of dogmatism in the voice. Another, and you hear a dictatorial twang. You are in doubt no longer. In the course of half-an-hour—one of life's half-hours of unmixed misery—you emerge into the light a paler and thinner man, subside upon a bench, and screen your blinking eyes. Your supposition is verified.

The council is before and under you, and right opposite is the town-clerk, performing the double feat of enunciating the law—and making it at the same time. The town-clerk seems fond of double feats; for—doubtless in consideration of the recent changeableness of the weather—he has on a dark holland undercoat to keep him cool, and a light woollen overcoat to keep him warm. Mr. Heron—for it is Mr. Heron, not Sir Joseph, who is town-clerk—made a long speech, and a voluble one, all at Mr. Alderman Bennett, who wanted to make an objection and *did* make it, and whom the town-clerk wanted to rule out of order and *couldn't* rule out of order. Lengthy as the town-clerk's speech was, the following line is an exact report both of its matter and its manner. "The thing's done, and its well done: shut up!" To this last expression, the town-clerk—who, we believe, is privately in favour of a sort of paternal censorship of the press—might demur, upon the score of its vulgarity. Our reply to him would be, that it is a faithful reproduction of the tone of his remarks. If he yet objected to it as bad manners, we might not be altogether disinclined to agree with him. That the town-clerk exercises his dictatorship for good, we thoroughly believe; but he might at least exercise it with some regard also for appearances, and not make it quite so palpable that the town-clerk has the reputation of the council really at heart, we equally believe; but he does not add to it by exposing its giggling submission under his hectoring dogmatism to the ridicule and indeed disgust of strangers in the gallery, whom the ceremony of the spiral staircase six inches wide has already prepared to be cynical. Mr. Heron has a right to be decisive. His experience gives him that—for everything about him is experienced: even his light top-coat has seen several summers. He has a right to say a thing is done. He has a right to say a thing can't be undone. But when he says a thing is *well* done, we venture to think that he exceeds his office, and that the expression of opinion less becomes the town-clerk than it does Sir Joseph Heron, whom good taste would banish from the room.

The town-clerk's law, so emphatically laid down, having been quite disconcerted by a well-planted "I object," put in by Mr. Alderman Bennett, in the style of Mr. Cottingham, the proceedings of committees were submitted for approval by the mayor, which, interpreted, means, he cried "Those in favour, say aye—the contrary, no—the ayes have it," about twenty times in succession. As no one condescended to say "aye" at all—or "no" either, for the matter of that—we are constrained to regard this little proceeding on the part of the mayor as the telling of a series of twenty fibs—which must be exceedingly distressing to his feelings. We no longer wonder at a man objecting to be mayor, if either morally or asthmatically inclined. Indeed, while the mayor recovered his breath, we could not help thinking that if we had been the wearer of that chain—which, in the name of popular ingratitude, thank fortune we are not—we would have just reversed proceedings. *We* would have settled that point of order with Mr. Alderman Bennett, and Mr. Town-clerk should have cried, "Those in favour, say aye—the contrary, no—the ayes have it," those twenty times in succession. But we suppose the mayor knows best.

The aldermen and councillors do not demand especial notice. The majority are ordinary-looking men; the minority are extraordinary-looking men. Most of them have papers before them; one of them has part of a steam boiler before him. Many of them exhibit a curiosity as to the occupants of the gallery which may be natural, but is certainly undignified. Nor is it calculated to add to the not exceeding comfort—for benches are hard, and shins are broken—of meek victims like the present writer, who are nothing if not modest.

The discussion which occupied the whole morning was the prohibition of the sale of liquors on Sunday—pop included. Mr. Councillor J. Thompson wanted the council to pass a resolution declaring the expediency, in its opinion, of this measure. Though Mr. Thompson was superfluously historical and statistical—as most reformers are—he delivered a sensible, argumentative speech, in a calm and lucid manner. He was seconded by Mr. Councillor Birch, who, with louder, indistincter utterance, noted the absurdity of beerhouses being open and museums closed on Sundays; but appeared to labour under the delusion that the latter would, if open, be thronged with working men, and exercise an educational influence upon them. Mr. Councillor Nield followed, with an amendment against the whole idea of restriction, and a string of disconnected observations, most of which, had they been arguments, would have been arguments upon the other side. It's much better, said he, that the poor people should spend their Sundays in beerhouses than in their miserable homes! Wives and families included, eh, Mr. Nield? Nay, rather let them spend the money they would spend on drink in making their homes less miserable; and, if you can't make them do this, why not prevent them making those same homes more miserable still? The people of England won't stand restriction, declaimed Mr. Nield. Why not try 'em? Educate the people, he continued—by letting them spend their Sundays in beerhouses, we suppose—don't govern them, but guide them. Why not do both? Restriction doesn't act, he added; and here alone he touched the point, but had no proof to give of his assertion. As a sample of the style of his remarks, we may cite his ludicrous declaration that commercial travellers would discuss "humble port" and "imperial Tokay" in commercial rooms, that the aroma would pervade the street, and that thirsty working men would congregate outside and draw invidious comparisons. Absurd remarks like this, mixed up with ineffective quotations from the poets, combined to make a thoroughly bad speech, badly delivered, which in one place soared into the other world. Mr. Nield's speech was very bad chiefly in consequence of having been intended to be very good. It was ill-digested; and—if we may judge by the appearance of the speaker—did him injustice. Mr. Councillor Ingham followed, on the same side, and also dealt with insignificant details. Mr. Alderman Rumney—who, as usual, began with hesitating indistinctness and proceeded with unnecessary vehemence—made a strong harangue on Mr. Thompson's side, which, more evenly delivered, would have been effective. Mr. Alderman Grundy was then allowed to divert the course of the debate by some just, yet irrelevant strictures on the sanctimony of an outside association, but atoned for the deviation by adducing afterwards the first arguments brought forward in favour of keeping public-houses open on what he demurred to calling the "Lord's Day." The interests of the temperate, he argued, should not be sacrificed to those of the intemperate: temptation is part of the discipline appointed for mankind: it is right that it should exist. Ah, but if experience proves that temptation vanquishes the tempted, why permit it? That nature ordained it is no answer. Nature brings men into the world naked, yet clothes are good things. Nature gave Mr. Alderman Grundy a beard, yet he does no wrong in shaving it off. Moreover, nature did not plant a vaults at every street-corner. Mr. Thompson's is a town idea, says Mr. Grundy: it would be preposterous in the country. That is no reason why it shouldn't be applied to towns. Mr. Alderman Lamb next injudiciously resumed the subject of the outside association, and there was a wrangle. Up to this point, we may say, without expressing an opinion on the main subject—which is beset with difficulties—that the

balance of argument, upon the whole of the mostly bad speeches that we heard, was decidedly in favour of the Sunday closing. The question really is, does the existent amount of evil attendant upon Sunday drinking justify a slight invasion on the liberty of the subject? Much inconvenience must result from either course. Which is the greater? It is certainly anomalous that shops should be shut and vaults should be open. To the solution of the problem the debate in council, up to the speech of Mr. Alderman Lamb, contributed little. What it did afterwards, we cannot say from personal experience; for at this point our martyrdom grew too intense to bear. Happy in the consciousness that editorial tyranny was by that time swiftly gliding towards the placid scenery of Cumberland, the meek victim safely effected the perilous descent of the spiral staircase six inches wide, and exchanged the discussion of the liquor traffic for the discussion of his dinner.

THE BLACKPOOL EXPRESS.

BESIDE the ordinary resident visitors at Blackpool, there are considerable numbers who journey to and from town, either every day or frequently. After seeing families and friends comfortably settled by the sea-side, it is often necessary that many of the stronger sex should devote some attention to every-day pursuits in Manchester. To suit the convenience of such people, cheap fortnightly, and still cheaper monthly, contract tickets are issued by the railway company, and a special train is run every day. This is the Blackpool Express. It leaves Manchester at half-past four in the afternoon, and Blackpool at a quarter past eight in the morning. Such a journey twice a day may seem a rather serious undertaking. But the difficulty is much more apparent than real. The distance is got over in something more than an hour. Indeed, some we know find it much easier to travel from Blackpool in the morning than from such districts as Brooks's Bar or Fallowfield, and still more wonderful, are able to reach business earlier from the former locality than from those remote suburbs. So pleasantly rapid is the journey that it is quite possible to be inhaling the fresh sea breeze on the pier, after washing off the dust of travel, by half-past six in the evening. Whatever the ultimate result of so much railway travelling may be if persevered in, we have not heard that for short periods its effects have been either inconvenient or injurious.

The popularity of the Blackpool Express varies considerably at different times of the week. On Friday afternoon the train to Blackpool is a busy one, for those who can, like to spend the whole of Saturday by the "sad sea waves;" and as might have been expected, the return train on Saturday morning is in proportion deserted. Few care to return so far for a short half day. On Monday morning, too, the train is not a heavy one; those who go for the week end like, in as many cases as possible, to include Monday in their holiday. Whilst the Tuesday morning train is again heavily laden, for those with business engagements find difficulty in escaping from the duties and responsibilities of market day. But the occasion on which the Blackpool Express is the centre of the greatest excitement, is at Victoria Station, about one o'clock on Saturday. The Saturday Express is perhaps *the* train of the week. We will proceed to the Lancashire and Yorkshire end of the station some little time before that fixed for the departure of the train. For to be quite sure of getting such accommodation as we may wish, it is necessary to be early. Then tickets can be got without fighting for them—later the ordinary booking office, with the assistance of a shabby little auxiliary, is for a time quite inadequate to prevent considerable crushing. A finger post points out to those who are in ignorance the long row of first-class carriages which form the Blackpool Express. Large numbers of the passengers appear to come in little parties; great stress is apparently put on the necessity of journeying together, and mighty are the efforts in the first place to discover suitably empty compartments, and after that, by all the means in their power, and by a selfishly liberal distribution of parcels, to secure seats for absent friends. This parcel question, if ventilated, would develop into dimensions only second in importance to the somewhat similar question of hats in the House of Commons. After discovering a compartment sufficiently empty to all appearance, and triumphantly summoning other members of your party, possibly dragging some of them from carriages in which they had taken their places, it is simply disgusting to find all the seats occupied by parcels, and to be coldly told the seats are engaged. By this simple means a single individual, of an industrious frame of mind and possessed of parcels enough, may engage all the seats in half a dozen compartments, for the benefit of any friends whom he may expect or discover in the crowd. There are but few ladies, and these few are in that state of nervous anxiety peculiar to the sex when travelling. The saloon or "gondola" carriages are very popular, as from their increased lightness and absence of confinement they deserve to be. The number of smokers is also considerable, and the smoking carriage is speedily filled to overflowing. As it draws near the quarter, the excitement increases, and the station becomes more crowded and bustling. Besides those passengers who have found seats, there are many who, holding the carriage doors, anxiously look out for expected fellow-travellers. People who are only there with the object of "seeing off" the train mingle with those who, seated or standing about, await the second-class train which goes a few minutes later. There are news-boys, with cases slung round their necks containing the newspapers, periodicals, and packs of cards. Porters are hurrying luggage to the van, and ticket collectors are busy with tickets, or in finding vacant seats for incapable passengers, all of whom appear to us to do their work with considerably less bustle and noise than their fellow labourers who at Oxford Road, about the same time, are helping off our old friend the Saturday Express to Bowdon. If we may judge by prominent placards bidding us beware of pick-pockets, and by the reports of the proceedings at the Police Courts, the throng has also other less reputable members. With praiseworthy punctuality the doors are cleared and everybody apparently settled, except that some few are putting their bodies half out of the window, and generally making themselves a nuisance to the other people in the carriage, in their anxiety to discover missing friends. There is always a party of late comers who, having been detained, have had to discover all manner of near cuts to the station, and burst into the station just as the train is moving, causing tremendous excitement by their attempts to discover "that boy" who is wandering about bearing their impedimenta. Finding him, and being thrust into seats by important parties, they sink down breathless and wipe their perspiring brows, whilst the train, generally assisted by an extra engine, steams away.

The bustle is over, and everyone settles quietly down. Now is made manifest the secret of the desire to arrange in parties. They are the old hands, who find nothing worth seeing in the landscape. Before the train is well out of the station they have begun whist. A pack of cards is produced, the most eager of the four pulls the cushion off his seat and spreads it, sides and stakes are arranged, and the game begins. If, as is probable, they like the game, they speedily lose all consciousness of the flight of time. When they pass Poulton they have a confused impression that they are somewhere near Bolton, and, at the journey's end, want to be shunted on to a quiet siding to finish their game. The "screw" of the party has his equanimity disturbed for the rest of the evening by the loss of sixpence, to the secret delight of his companions. Others pull out papers or periodicals and try to read, whilst some look out of the window to interest themselves in the scenery through which they pass. Slowly and with caution the train proceeds whilst in the vicinity of town; but, as it escapes from the dull walls and factories, the speed is increased as though the engine rejoiced to find itself amongst the fields, trees, and woods. The canal for some time causes it annoyance, and we tear away furiously in an endeavour, unsuccessful at first, but finally successful, to leave it behind. With slightly abated speed, we pass through Bolton and defiantly leave it in the far distance. Now we rush through tunnels, giving a tiny breathless whistle of warning at their entrance, rattle between stone walls or lofty embankments, and then burst out again into the open. The canal is distanced now, and is only discernible at long intervals. But then its place is taken by a brook, which for miles will accompany us, and the speed grows wilder till that, too, is left behind. On the right and left are high hills; here and there can be seen traces of mining industry. Then Preston is approached, and we cross the peaceful Ribble, with its beautiful walks and Park, and, as we see the boats lying about the stream, no oarsman in the train but finds time to wish that Manchester had such a river. Preston Station is passed, that best-known and—as it deserves to be from its smallness, inconvenience, and danger—that most universally-condemned and reviled of railway establishments. The train does not stop, so we suffer nothing, and before we have done thinking that since "Miss Punch's" departure the place has not a single attraction, we are again in the open country. As the train bursts past the little wayside station, the solitary official who watches its approach

seems almost carried off his feet by the whirlwind it makes. The cows in the field gaze at the roaring monster with sleepy wonder, sheep huddle together, or in their flight run to the far boundary of the field, whilst "the wild and wanton colts fetching mad bounds" stretch themselves in a mad gallop alongside, for a brief space keeping up with us, then turning away, beaten. At Kirkham we are delayed—on Saturday, but on no other day—whilst Lytham carriages are detached and tickets collected or examined. Soon we are rounding the violent curve at Poulton, having beaten in our passage a flight of lazy crows who tried their speed with us. The vegetation grows less luxuriant, the trees smaller, and the hedges scantier; and by signs like these we know that the end of our journey is near.

The influence of the Saturday Express is not confined merely to the Manchester end of the journey, but extends even more violently to Blackpool. Its arrival there is not only one of the excitements of the day, it is one of the events of the week. The Blackpool Express is no longer known by that horribly business-like appellation; it is now the "Husband's Train," and, as a necessary consequence, a good deal more than that; for husband is taken in a widely generic sense to include lovers, brothers, and friends. Half the fair ladies in Blackpool feel a direct personal interest in the train. An accident to it would fill their souls with anguish, and its safe arrival is waited for and rejoiced in with profound enthusiasm. All morning the domestic atmosphere has been in a state of gentle tremor. There has been an all-prevailing consciousness of having on hand an important engagement which can on no account be neglected. This is to meet the Express. Half an hour before the train can possibly arrive they go to the station. All ages are represented, from the matron to the child in nurse's arms. Young and charming ladies there are beyond number, in all the glory of sand boots, and with hair streaming down in glorious waves, telling of the morning bathe. The station becomes completely packed, so that there is scarce a possibility of moving. Fast and furious grows the excitement, spreading itself outside amongst the assemblage of cab, omnibus, and luggage-cart drivers, who, with reason, anticipate a rich harvest. The train comes, and then follows a moment of suspense whilst the two parties find each other. Then who can describe the enthusiasm of the moment? gentle and suppressed in some cases, in others bursting out into embraces and kisses, which the sternest cynic ought under the circumstances to forgive. The youngsters eagerly seize and march off with the numerous parcels, which have about them a strong suspicion of luxuries for dinner, and in triumph march homewards. All will, by and by, be found on the Pier, and there next week we will try to find such as have struck our attention.

THE DODGES OF LIFE INSURANCE AGENTS.

THE philanthropy of life insurance agents and managers formed the subject of a paper in last week's *Sphinx*. Were any of our readers ever taken in hand for the purpose of getting their lives insured—presumably insured, we mean; about the fact itself there are occasionally, as we have seen, grave doubts? There ought to be profit to our heirs—when we are no more, if great trouble be not incurred unnecessarily—or must we believe that, in proportion to the bother and the trouble, there will be an ample deduction from our ultimate gain, or that of our heirs or assigns? There is a town-missionary persistence in the agents of life companies which a sceptic might argue was dead against the insur*ed*, and all in favour of the insur*er*. The glittering prize held before you is really your own dissolution, as if, like a pig, you would be more valuable dead than alive, and there is scarcely any agent who has the manliness to forbear the narration of the story of the man who, having insured his life, died on the steps of the head office in London—the porter, with heroic self-denial, refraining from stealing the policy out of the dead man's pocket.

It is marvellous the devices which are adopted for benefitting their fellow-creatures by life companies and their agents. As a branch of the ultimate provision which they earnestly desire to make for your family, they present you every year with an illuminated almanac—as if they would say, "Time is fleeting; insure early, and take advantage of the bonuses in the Unmitigated Bladder and Permanent Perquisite Life Insurance Company." The more utilitarian societies make you a present of a pocket-book, containing the names of the Royal family, for daily reference, the proper lessons of the Church of England, the date of the demise of Columbus, Dr. Johnson, and Oliver Cromwell; and also, displayed in large obese characters, at the back of the gilt-edged volume, a statement which looks as if every one insuring in the Associated Under Done and Patent Safety Cod Livers would become entitled at his death—and might for convenience encash it himself *in extremis*—to £6,490,516. 17*s*. 4*d*. The prospectuses of life insurance companies are put into your railway guides and into your magazines; they come to you marked "private," in the outward guise of an invitation to dinner; they appear before you in the trains as you travel, and at the stations as you stop. Now, as long as you are not insured, all this is of small amount, but when you are once safely under cover of the Unmitigated Bladders, or the Conjoined Cod Livers, you begin to ask yourself this question: "Why should the capital, upon part of which my policy payment must depend, be dissipated in this wild manner, for the behoof of the agents?"

If life insurance be a good thing, as it undoubtedly is, why cannot we be got to take it quietly and naturally? The answer to this is, that you cannot so take it. All the anxiety displayed to get us into a premium-paying mood is only preliminary to putting us through an ordeal for the purpose of proving that we are such confirmed invalids that no respectable office ought to insure us. After being canvassed by an agent, or by several agents, who desire your life—deluged with handbills, almanacs, pocket-books, and illuminated missals of all sorts—after having been told times without number by your boy that "that 'ere gent have a been again," you find yourself at last run to earth—and, fairly breathless, you let the indefatigable "Leather Stocking" or "Hawk-eye" have his fling. His fling consists of a printed paper, or form, called a proposal, which means a list of questions about your physical system, your habits, your age, and the systems, habits, and ages of your kinsfolk for two generations. The moment the agent has nailed you, his tone changes. For weeks he has been trying to get you insured; but his game now is to try to make out, from your own declaration, that you are a rank impostor, and wish to defraud his company. He asks you, therefore, by means of his paper, the following questions:—

Q. Have you been in a lunatic asylum?—*A*. No.

Q. Have you ever spat blood?—*A*. Not personally.

Q. How's your mother?—*A*. Tolerable, I am obliged.

Q. Have you ever had the glanders?—*A*. Not that I know of.

Q. Are you troubled with warts?—*A*. I had one, but wore it off with aquafortis.

Q. Are you married, or single?—*A*. Neither. I am an orphan.

Q. Is there anything that you think the directors of this company ought to know which they do not?—*A*. Plenty!

Q. State what it is?—*A*. If you will favour me with your company to a meat tea, shall be happy to do so.

These are specimens of the kind of interrogatory which the "Leather Stocking" fraternity put to you. We will not say that the above exactly describe them, but they are there or thereabouts. You sign the list of questions and refer to two friends, who have to reply, or to try to do so, to a similar string of questions. After that you are referred to a surgeon, who can only be seen at a very inconvenient hour, and this gentleman puts you through a series of questions and examinations—all on the impostor theory, and as if he were determined that you should not rob the till of the Unmitigated Bladders. In about a week you get a notice that your life is either faulty and rejected, or that it is only so-so, and you must pay an extra premium, or that it is all right, and that henceforth you may consider yourself placed upon a pedestal of unalloyed happiness and undeniable security by an annual payment of £26. 4*s*. 4*d*. for the remainder of your days.

But the suspicions of the company as to your defrauding propensities are by no means, and as a matter of course, allayed by your policy and your payment. They still regard you as a downy individual, who may after all have taken them in; and it will be lucky for those you may leave behind if, in the midst of their bereavement, they are not informed that there are grave doubts if the company can conscientiously pay the insured amount. It seems to us a burning shame that all policies are not indisputable, and for this reason—that the principal, or one of the principals, to the bargain can never be present to fight his own battle. If a company take the premium they ought to pay the policy. There is never any cavil about the premium being due, but what is it due for? Let the company, if they please, give fair notice to a suspected party that they will not be answerable for his risk after the payment of the current year has expired. The policy holder can then wage his own warfare with the company, and demand to know their reasons. But to go on taking a man's money when they all along suspect his *bona fides*, is a concentration of all the jars of the forty thieves. We have seen recently how—even after the assured has run the gauntlet of all the difficulties and annoyances we have named—his troubles have by no means terminated. How his gains have to be subjected to the manipulations of apparently respectable men, who can make up their minds to put their hands into the widow's purse and tear away the pecuniary resources of herself and her little ones, and who still escape the fate of Stephen as they pass along the streets. All we would enquire is—*can the present state of things continue?* Is a salutary and self-denying system like genuine life insurance to be worried off the stage by a pack of church-going, smooth-faced, lupine, canine miscreants, to whom, in a new and unsophisticated country, the populace would award the benefit of a strong rope and a short shrift?

We write now to show up the system as it is, and to beg all who value the facilities which life insurance gives for provision for families to see that government cares for those who cannot help themselves. If liberty in England be so dissolute and reckless a thing that the fatherless and afflicted, the helpless mothers and young children amongst us, are to be left at the mercy of miserable London cads, who have oily accents and poisoned palms, then let us relapse in social matters into a little wholesome despotism, and make the "gérant" of a company, as in France, personally liable for its default.

G. TWIGG'S Patent Corkscrews. The most powerful ever invented, and being provided with a patent India-rubber pad, which forms an elastic cushion for the neck, they are warranted not to break the bottle. Manufactory: 30, Mosley Road, Birmingham.—Sold by all Ironmongers.

THE DISEASE OF THE COTTON TRADE.

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

THE cotton trade is suffering not only from a short supply of food but from an irritating chronic disease, which affects every limb of it. That disease is speculation. Although it was affected to some extent with the same disease previous to the cotton famine, it appeared in its worst form at that period, and since then it has clung to the trade with tenacious grasp. The marks of this disease appear daily upon every cotton report posted on the exchange, and if a report could be had of each day's transactions in yarn and cloth, it would exhibit the disease with equal plainness.

One and perhaps the chief cause of this malady, is the multiplication of middle men at every stage of the trade. In order to trace the progress of the disease, and see its effect generally upon the trade, let us glance at the circle of the life of the cotton trade. It begins at the cotton plantation, and it ends with the purchase of the consumer of the cotton fabric from the retail dealer. Between these two points there are certain stages through which it must pass, that is, certain different hands, in order to be forwarded and manipulated. It is obvious that the fewer these stages are the more directly the process of carriage and manufacture can be conducted, and the more cheaply will the whole process be completed, and the better will it be for the consumer. The principle of the division of labour demands that separate hands should grow the raw material, export it, import it, distribute it to the manufacturer, manufacture it, and lastly distribute the manufactured article to the consumers. Such is the process through which cotton actually passes. Each of these stages may include several neccessary subordinate stages; as for example, the manufacturing stages may fall into several different hands successively. One may spin only, another double, another weave, another print or bleach or finish. So far all concerned in the the trade perform necessary and legitimate functions; they render a useful service and obtain an honourable remuneration in the ordinary course of trade.

But besides these necessary hands through which the article passes, it is liable to be attacked—it is in fact attacked—at almost every stage by other hands, who seize it, not to render any real service either in the way of forwarding or manipulation, but simply to hold it, create an artificial demand, secure a profit, and then let it go. These grasping parasites infest the shipping ports, the Liverpool cotton market, and the Manchester goods market. It is notorious that in all these places there is a body of men whose chief, if not sole, business is speculation in cotton or cotton goods—ever on the watch for moments of weakness in which to seize their prey, wring a profit out of it, and then to let it go.

So vague are the ideas of business men generally upon general questions of trade, that speculation is often regarded as legitimate and honourable so long as the speculator has money to pay for his purchases. Merchants and manufacturers as freely use their opportunities for speculation as those who are nothing but speculators. But it cannot be too clearly understood that he who seizes a gain, without rendering any useful service in return, does an immoral act. His gain is another's loss. The effect of all speculative operations is—first, to advance the price to the consumer, and so far impoverish him, next, to disarrange the ordinary course of trade, by which supply and demand are adjusted to each other. In short, the starving operative, the working capitalist, and the ruined merchant are the real objects upon which the attacks of the speculator fall. By chance, and not unfrequently, his work recoils upon himself, he is caught in his own net. But how many of the fine suburban residences of this city have been built out of the proceeds of speculation? How many of our great city firms have risen upon a tide of speculation? Nay, how many of our agents and merchants and shippers have clean hands? It is a disease penetrating through every artery and vein of the cotton trade; and the end of disease is death.

THE CABMAN AND THE CITY COUNCIL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.

SIR,—It says very little for the way in which you take up matters in your paper as regards the Council and the Cabman, that a fellow has nothing to do but get up a cock-and-bull story in respect to their conduct how they treat cabmen. According to your ignorant notions they are saints, while the cabmen imperil the streets. Now I am not the incorrigible cabman you take me for, nor was I fined a score of times for various offences, though Jim Bake said I had been reported and fined twenty-one times, being twice for drunkenness, twice for over-charge, and twelve times for breach of bye-laws, which includes cases that could not be brought home to me. Therefore I think you would have to put your spectacles on to make sixteen into twenty-one. Now you say I transform myself into a Writer to the Papers, which I think I have a right to, to state my case as a grievance as any man. I neither want to lead the public by the nose nor you, but for this libel and slander I should very much like to ring your nose, for I think you no better than them, and to trust them you may with all my heart. You say it was quite right of the *Examiner* to insert my letter, but it was quite wrong of them to refuse to insert my reply to Bake's statement in the *Examiner* of Friday, August 27th, which was a cock-and-bull story from beginning to end. It was newly manufactured by the superintendent of the greatest nuisance committee in Manchester, the Hackney Coach Committee. Now, sir, you say very little about the injustice of the Hackney Coach Committee, because very likely you are a particular friend of James Bake's, and he has given you a straight tip what will win the Leger, so you were so likely to take up shots with him, as he does not charge editors much per cent. on winnings, as he makes the cabmen pay the difference. Now, sir, since Jim Bake has refused my license for more than eight years, without just cause, although he was very faint until you, Mr. Editor, came to his help, he will recover and be as good natured as ever, but, nevertheless, neither you nor the Hackney Coach Committee will ever make me a thief or a pauper. Well, Mr. Fellow, I will not say any more at present, but if you prate any more about this fellow in any other way but fair and impartial, I shall send you my card.

BENJAMIN JONES.

Passage 96, Chapel-st., Gt. Ancoats-st.,
Manchester, Sept. 7th, 1869.

MR. CALVERT and "THE WINTER'S TALE."

THE following is Mr. Calvert's Preface to the edition of *The Winter's Tale* which has been prepared for the use of spectators of the play at the Prince's Theatre:—

I have adopted some few amendments in the text which, I hope, will hardly be deemed liberties, and for which I think I can give a satisfactory reason.

The chronology of the main incidents in *The Winter's Tale* indicates the selection of a period prior to the decline of the Delphic Oracle, and, at the same time, affords the opportunity of illustrating one of the most interesting epochs of antiquity.

As I have closely adhered, as far as possible, to the authorities we possess, I have thought it best to omit the few very palpable anachronisms all readers of Shakespere will be acquainted with, and to substitute for "Bohemia" Sir Thomas Hanmer's suggestion of "Bithynia." It must certainly jar unpleasantly on the ear of a student of history to hear the people of ancient Sicilia complimenting the pupil of Raffaele, or to hear Hermione speaking of herself as the daughter of an Emperor of Russia. Such inconsistencies in Shakespere's time mattered little. Where neither scenery nor costume was attempted, they would scarcely have been apparent. But as they obviously *are* inconsistencies, and not beauties, in the play, I perceive no irreverence in dispensing with them.

An atrabilious antagonist, some years ago, thought to lessen the high reputation of the late Charles Kean as an upholder of the drama, by writing of him as its "upholsterer." The sneer had, however, little effect beyond gratifying the person who perpetrated the slight. Lovers of the true and beautiful, who witnessed that eminent man's well-directed labours in his many revivals, will remember them with respect and admiration.

Still it is not to be denied that there are people actually holding, or pretending to hold, the singular delusion, that a Shakesperian play is injured by what is called too much attention to the embellishment of its stage setting. On what basis they build such an opinion it would be difficult to determine; but I venture to say that the notion is entirely fallacious—that too much attention cannot be given to those arts and adjuncts that constitute the illusion of a theatre.

Without scenery and costume *of some kind*, dramatic representation is simply impossible. Granting this, it is surely absurd to assert that a disregard is better than an attention to it—

All DUNKERLEY & FRANKS' Umbrellas are made on Fox's Celebrated Frames: being large producers DUNKERLEY and FRANKS are enabled to offer them at astonishingly low prices. 7, SWAN STREET, NEW CROSS, Manchester.

that to label a curtain with the word "Athens" is a greater help to the imagination than a view of Athens itself; that, in personating an historical character of antiquity, an actor is less impressive when historically costumed than he would be by wearing a dress of to-day; that the ludicrous stage arrangements of what are called the "palmy days of the drama," were a healthier and a greater help to histrionic art than the complete illustrations of our own time. If so, we may at once acknowledge the wrong thing better than the right, and own that to be inappropriate is better than to be appropriate.

Some logicians of the school I have alluded to maintain (on what grounds I cannot tell) that the more essential element—the acting—becomes secondary in importance. Why so? Acting is an art that cannot be taught, and one in which perfection is never attained. But, as a close student of it, I assert—and I am confident all who practise the art will assert with me—that the very reverse is the fact—that not only is the audience more impressed by the realism of the *mise en scéne*, but that the actors themselves undoubtedly derive an impulse from it.

Strong in the convictions which I know animated my illustrious predecessors in stage-craft—Macready, Phelps, and Kean—I have done my utmost for *The Winter's Tale*, holding with them the unwavering faith that, as Shakespere wrote for the stage, and not for the platform, to attire his great works in their appropriate vesture of scenery, costume, and manners, is to advance the true interests and mission of pure dramatic art, and to inculcate a loftier appreciation of its greatest prophet. How far I have succeeded in reaching the ideal of the votary of Shakespere, or in gratifying the taste of the antiquarian, remains for those who see to determine.

I submit the revival, with deep respect, to the lovers of the "true in art," whose approval I value before all others.

CHARLES CALVERT.

1st September, 1869.

THE LONGEVITY OF ACTORS.

The stage, whatever may be urged against it in some respects, is a healthful profession, and conducive to long life. A hundred examples in various countries point to this conclusion, and remembering the hard study of the actors, their necessarily late hours, their emotional experiences, the incessant demands that society make upon them, the wonderful cosmetics they use on their faces—the purmines, the poudre de riz, the rouge, the uzunne *pour les yeux et les veins*, and bismuth for making up—it seems curious it should be so. But we've only to run over a list of well-known comedians in active force to ascertain that longevity and juvenility of appearance seem their special characteristic. As one illustration take Mr. Charles Mathews, who floats about the stage like a butterfly, and counts up sixty-five years. He possesses the same elegance of figure and vivacity of spirit that distinguished him thirty years ago. There is Benjamin Webster, at least seventy, who still plays with remarkable force, and he has been an author as well as actor, and has managed two, if not three, theatres at the same moment. Buckstone, Compton, and Creswick are in the sixties; and as for W. H. Payne, of Covent Garden, he has left seventy a long way behind and walks erect as a boy, and nightly goes through pantomimic fatigue that would prostrate some of the young men of the period. Madame Celeste, who still plays young ladies, was a "star" in 1830. Mrs. Stirling, despite her grey hair, looks five and twenty when she is animated. Mrs. Mellon has been acting any night these thirty years. Mario is nearly, if not quite, sixty; and Lester Wallack, of New York, who, if he would count up carefully, would reach half a century, is at this hour the best looking *jeune premier* on the stage. The French theatre abounds in similar examples. Dejazet, recently, at eighty, played the *Premiers Armes de Richelieu*, and looked five-and-twenty. Arnal, Ravel, Frederic Lemaitre, and Hyacinthe, have all passed their twelfth lustre, and they look as fresh and work as hard as they did a score of years ago. *The Dame aux Camellias* was recently played at a Boulevard theatre, and the combined ages of Armand (Laferriere) and Marguerite (Madame Duverger) were one hundred and four years. Paul Legrand, who was born about the time of the Directory, is still agile in his *rolè* Pierrot; and the truly veteran St. Foy, of the Opera Comique, who seems antediluvian, grimaces and sings through his nose as he did more than a quarter of a century ago on those same boards.

THE REWARD OF WOMEN AND ARTISTS.—Womankind and the artistic nature love praise, because they find in it the due reward for honest endeavour. Lower natures may be content with money. The tradesman may coin his soul for halfpence, and wait, with the patience of a spider, for the coming of a customer; the barrister may sell his eloquence, and be satisfied if he gains a cause and earns the applause of the judge; the inventor may be satisfied with an ample fortune; but the woman who loves, and the artist who works for the good of the world and the love of his work, can only be satisfied, the one with the approbation of those whom she loves, the other with the evanescent and shadowy thing called fame.—*Family Herald.*

MR. C. A. SWINBURNE.—Mr. Charles Algernon Swinburne, the poet, is a son of Admiral Swinburne; his mother is Lady Jane Ashburnham. The Swinburnes are one of the oldest families in England; the Ashburnhams are historical. His parents not only belong to the aristocracy, but to a very exclusive set within it, composed of Catholics of old blood, who form a clique of their own somewhat like that of the ancient Codini families at Florence. Mr. Swinburne was educated in France, in the Ultramontane fashion, and went afterwards to Eton, then to Oxford. While at the university he commenced a correspondence with Charles Baudelaire, a French poet (something between Shelley and Edgar Poe) almost unknown in England, and whose poems had been suppressed by the paternal government in Paris. After leaving Oxford, where he did not take a degree, he paid a visit to Florence, on a kind of pilgrimage to see Landor. Since his return he has lived for the most part in London. He is chiefly intimate with artists, especially Dante Rossetti, with whom he lived at one time in the semi-rural retirement of Cheyne Walk, Chelsea; and he is on terms of friendship with Mr. Ruskin.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

W.M. (Bowdon.)—Both papers are unsuitable.

Communications should be addressed to the Editor, *Sphinx* Office, 37, Oxford Street, Manchester. Every manuscript should bear the name and address of the sender. All contributions are attentively considered, and unaccepted MSS. are returned on receipt of stamps for postage. No replies or MSS. can be delivered on personal application.

Business communications and advertisements should be addressed to Messrs. J. G. KERSHAW & Co., "Main" Printing Offices, 37, Oxford-st, Manchester.

THE *SPHINX* BY POST.

For the accommodation of the large and increasing number of Subscribers who receive the *Sphinx* by post, it is now published on Friday afternoon, so that copies can reach any part of England on Saturday morning. The terms (free by post) are as follows:

	One copy.	Two copies.
Three months.....	2s. 2d.	3s. 3d.
Six months	4s. 4d.	6s. 6d.

CONCERT INN, YORK STREET.
UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT.
FIRST-CLASS DINNERS DAILY.
WINES, SPIRITS, &c.,
OF THE BEST QUALITY.
BILLIARDS.
F. D. CLARKE, Proprietor.

NEW TOWN HALL
Restaurant and Luncheon Bar,
51, PRINCESS-ST., ALBERT SQUARE,
LUNCHEONS, DINNERS, SOUPS.
CHOPS AND STEAKS AT ANY HOUR,

Amusements.

PRINCE'S THEATRE
MANCHESTER.
Proprietors, the Prince's Theatre Company, Limited.
Grand Shakesperian Revival,
THE WINTER'S TALE.
Every Evening at Seven.
Box Office open daily, from Eleven to Two.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS
BELLE VUE.
Messrs. DANSON & SONS' Grand Representation of the
FALL OF MAGDALA,
Amidst Gorgeous Display of Fireworks, Every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, AND SATURDAY.
Belle Vue MILITARY BAND every day from 3 p.m.
The extensive collection of Animals and Birds, Museum, Maze, Boats, and Steamers, and all the other attractions daily.
Admission, 6d.; after 4 p.m. 1s.; Saturdays, 1s. after 5 p.m.—Music Hall open each gala day, as usual.

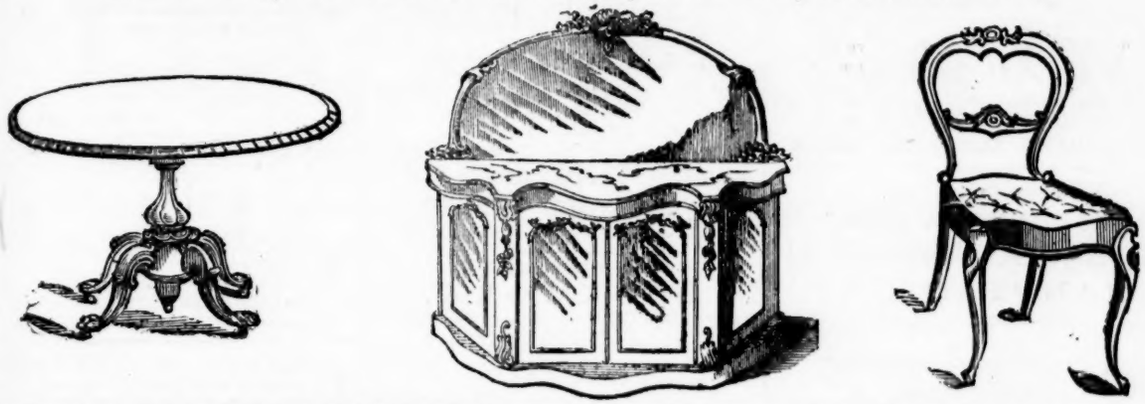
POMONA PALACE.
OPEN DAILY.
THE PALACE MILITARY BAND,
which has been secured at considerable expense, and is selected from Halle's, Crystal Palace, and Leeds Exhibition, and principal orchestras in England, will perform every day
SELECT MUSIC
from the great composers, including Mozart, Auber, Rossini, Bellini, Balfe, Jullien, A. Mellon, &c., commencing at three o'clock.
DANCING on the MONSTRE PLATFORM,
AND IN THE PALACE.
ADMISSION 6d. NO EXTRA CHARGES.
Sundays for Promenade. Admission 3d.

R. H. GIBSON,

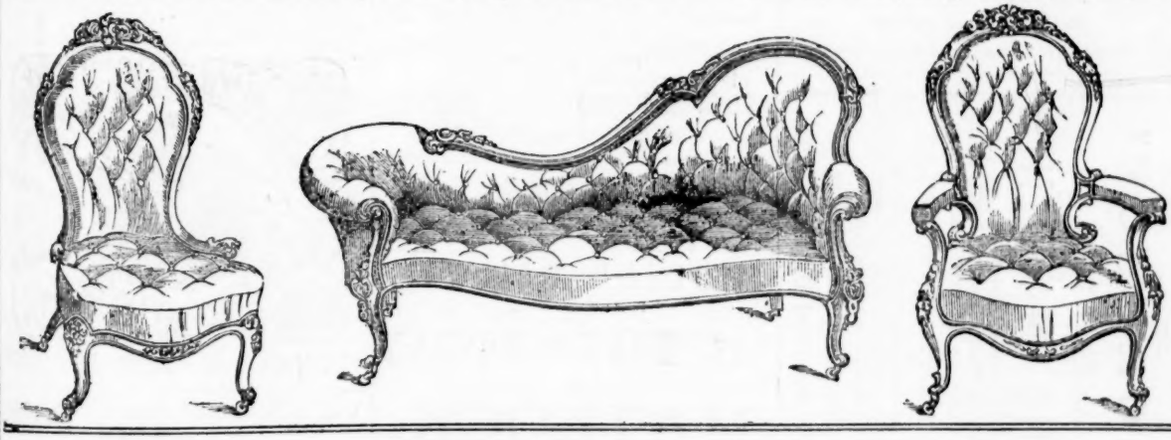
COMPLETE

HOUSE FURNISHER,

90 TO 96, STRETFORD ROAD, AND 78, OLDHAM-ST.



GIBSON'S DRAWING ROOM SUITE, consisting of Lounge, Two Easy Chairs, and Six Small Chairs, covered in rich Rep, 10 Guineas; Loo Table, 3 Guineas, and Chiffonier, with Glass Back and Glass Doors, 5 Guineas, in Rich Italian Walnut. All complete, 18 Guineas.



J. G. KERSHAW & Co.,

LETTERPRESS AND LITHOGRAPHIC PRINTERS

BY STEAM POWER.

ORNAMENTAL COLOUR PRINTING,

BY PATENT TWO-COLOUR MACHINE.

MACHINING EXECUTED FOR THE TRADE.

SHIRLEY & HILL, Tailors and Habit Makers, 52, Market-st.

GLENFIELD STARCH.

EXCLUSIVELY USED in the ROYAL LAUNDRY, and HER MAJESTY'S LAUNDRESS says, that it is THE FINEST STARCH SHE EVER USED.

Awarded Prize Medal for its Superiority.

WHEN YOU ASK FOR

GLENFIELD STARCH,

See that you get it, as inferior kinds are often substituted, WOTHERSPOON & CO., GLASGOW and LONDON.

VELOCIPEDES

Of the Best Material, Latest Designs, and Best French Saddles, with a Large Room for Practice, at

KERSHAW'S, Store Street, Ancoats

ESTABLISHED 1833.

HARGRAVES'

TOBACCO AND CIGAR MANUFACTORY

44, SWAN STREET,

AND

2, 4, 6, 8, and 10, MASON STREET,

MANCHESTER.

HARGRAVES'

SMOKING MIXTURE,

In 1 and 2 ounce Packets.

All Tobaccos (including Irish Roll) guaranteed genuine, and free from Adulteration.

THE "FLORENCE" LOCK-STITCH SEWING MACHINES

ARE THE BEST. THEY WILL HEM, FELL, TUCK, CORD, BRAID, BIND, QUILT, GATHER, and SEW ON A BAND at the same time.

THEY MAKE FOUR DIFFERENT STITCHES.

And have many advantages possessed by no other Machines, including the REVERSIBLE FEED, for fastening off the ends of seams without removing the work from the Machine.

PROSPECTUSES AND SAMPLES FREE.

19, & 21, BLACKFRIARS STREET corner of DEANSGATE.

McCONNELL & FRASER,

TAILORS,

AND

GENTLEMEN'S OUTFITTERS,

CITY BUILDINGS,

CORPORATION STREET,

MANCHESTER.

THE

'Main' Printing Offices.

J. G. KERSHAW & CO.

LITHOGRAPHERS & LETTERPRESS PRINTERS,

BY STEAM POWER,

Patent Ledger and Account Book Manufacturers,

37, OXFORD STREET,

PORTLAND STREET, MANCHESTER.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF

BOOKWORK,

PAMPHLETS, CATALOGUES, CLUB RULES, &c.

PLAIN and ORNAMENTAL

SHOW CARDS, WINDOW and DOOR BILLS.

PLACARDS,

And HANDBILLS, in every variety of style and size. Every branch of the Printing and Stationery Trade executed on the Premises.

LITHOGRAPHED

DRAWINGS OF MACHINERY, MAPS, PLANS OF ESTATES, &c.

BANKERS' NOTES, CHEQUES, DRAFTS, &c.

CIRCULARS, INVOICES,

STATEMENTS, PRICES CURRENT, NOTE HEADS, &c.

Plain and Ornamental Tickets,

FOR SHIPPERS and the HOME TRADE.

Public Notices.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.

SATURDAY to MONDAY

AT

MATLOCK.

Every Saturday until October 30th, 1869,

RETURN TICKETS, at the following low Fares, will be issued from the undermentioned Stations, to MATLOCK-BATH, by the Midland Company's New Route, by any of the Ordinary Trains on Saturday,—

Available for Return by any Train up to the following Monday Evening.

STATIONS.	FARES. 1st Class.	2nd Class.
MANCHESTER	9s. 6d.	7s. 0d.
GUIDE BRIDGE	9s. 0d.	6s. 6d.
STOCKPORT (Teviot Dale Sta.)	8s. 6d.	6s. 0d.

In Manchester, Tickets will be issued at Cook's Excursion Office, 43, Piccadilly, and at the Midland Booking Office, London Road Station.

JAMES ALLPORT, General Manager.

Derby, June 25th, 1869.

BEFORE PURCHASING A

PERAMBULATOR,

You should call and inspect the Large Assortment, in every variety of shape and price, at

JOHN OWEN'S,

1, OLDHAM STREET,

AND

88, DEANSGATE.

WORKS: NEW STREET, BRADSHAW STREET, & 43, SHUDEHILL. ESTABLISHED 45 YEARS.

"Will you tell me that?"—*Shakespere.*

What better can there be than GEE's
Unrivalled felt-lined Hat?
What better can be formed for ease—
Pray can you tell me that?

Nay, none this splendid Hat can beat,
It always fits us right;
In style and make 'tis most complete,
'Tis really soft and light.

Just Published, price One Shilling—

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA ON HATS.

"A Homily on the Head Coverings of Humanity: Humourous, Æsthetic, and Historical," by the above eminent author.

JAMES GEE, HATTER,

13, MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER.

Sole Agent for Woodrow's Prize Medal Hats.

JONES'S TIC-DOLOREUX PILLS,

Invaluable for the relief and cure of Neuralgia, Sciatica, Toothache, Ague, Erysipelas, Comsumption, Nervous Disorders, &c. Sold in Boxes at 7½d., 1s. 1½d., & 2s. 9d. Post free for 9, 15 and 36 stamps. Sole proprietor:

JAMES JONES, Pharmaceutical Chemist,

149, Chapel Street, Salford.

Agents: Woolley, 69, Market-st., Manchester; J. Wheeldon, 217, Stockport-rd.; T. Bushby, Stockport-rd.; J. Whitehead, Tamworth-st., Hulme; T. Morris, Farnworth; and others.

67, Oldham-street. Agent: J. HODGSON.

THE STRONGEST MAN in the WORLD CANNOT BREAK THE

EVERLASTING

Porpoise-skin Boot Laces,

MADE BY

GILL & Co., 12, Brewer-st., Golden-sq., London, W.

Price 1s. per pair; by post 14 stamps; 6 pairs for 3s.

FRENCH DUBBING.

THIS Invaluable Composition possesses the properties of preserving Leather, rendering it supple and waterproof. It is identically the same Dubbing as that used by the best curriers in Millau (Aveyron). BOOTS, SHOES, and HARNESS are particularly benefitted by its application.—Sold Wholesale and Retail by W. GILL & CO., Curriers and Leather Sellers, London.—Price 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., and 5s. per can, or 60s. per cwt. in casks.

MANCHESTER: Printed and Published by the Proprietor, JOHN GEORGE KERSHAW, at 37, Oxford-street, in the parish of Manchester, and of 1, Stanley Terrace, Moss Lane West, in the parish of Manchester.—Saturday, September 11th, 1869.

121, BROAD STREET, PENDLETON. J. STOCKS & CO., WHOLESALE WINE and SPIRIT MERCHANTS. And 266, STRETFORD ROAD, MANCHESTER.

J. C. EDWARDS & Co., Tobacconists, &c., Importers of Foreign Cigars, Sole Agents for Baker's Gold Leaf Virginia Tobacco, 107, PICCADILLY, NEAR RAILWAY STATION.

13 SE69